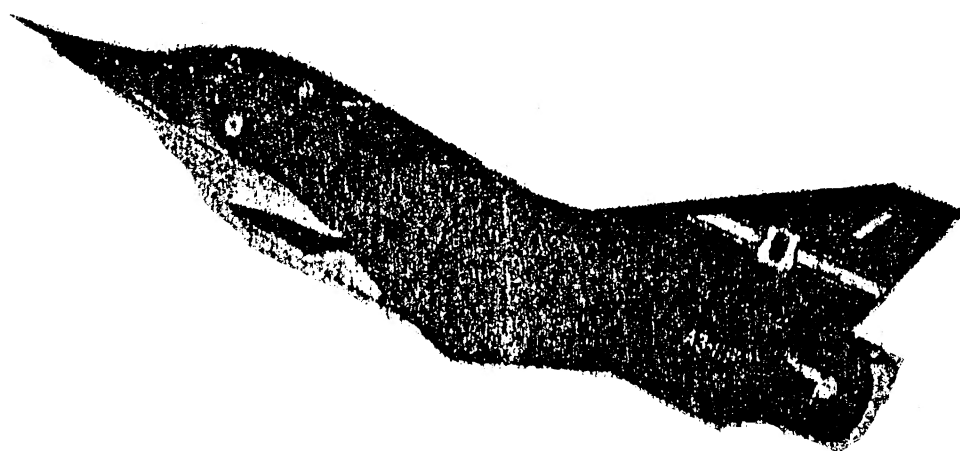


From Les Powell
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FIGHTER PILOTS SONG BOOK



NO. 77 SQUADRON

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOTS ARSE

(Tune - 'Throw a Nickel on the Drum')

It was midnight in old Korea
All the pilots were in bed
When up stepped the Wing Commander
And this is what he said:
"Meteors, gentle meteors, meteors one and all
Pilots, gentle pilots and all the pilots balls"
When up stepped a young boggy
With a voice as harsh as brass
"You can, take those goddam Meteors and shove them up your arse".

CHORUS:

OH HALLELUIA, OH HALLELUIA, THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS
SAVE A FIGHTER PILOTS ARSE
OH HALLELUIA, OH HALLELUIA THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS
AND YOU'LL BE SAVED.

Cruising down the Yalu, doing five twenty per
There came a call from the major, "Oh wont you save me sir?"
Got three big flak holes in my wings, my tanks aint got no gas
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, got six migs on my ass

CHORUS

I shot my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right
The airspeed read one-thirty, I really racked it tight
The airframe gave a shudder, the engine gave a wheeze
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, spin instructions please.

CHORUS

Fouled up my crosswind landing, the left wing hit the ground
There came a call from the tower, pull up and go around
I honked that Meteor in the air a dozen feet or more
One engine quit, I almost shit, the gear came through the floor.

CHORUS

Split S onto my bomb run, I got too goddamn low
I pressed the bloody button, let all my babies go
I sucked the stick back in my gut, I hit a high speed stall
Now I wont see my mother when the works all done this fall

CHORUS

They sent me up to Kon Yang, the brief said skoshe ack ack
But by the time I got there, my wings were holed by flak
My aircraft went into a spin, it would no longer fly
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, Im too young to die

CHORUS

I bailed out from my meteor, my landing was top line
With my E an E equipment, I made for our front line
When I opened up my ration tin to have a look in it
The goddamn quartermaster had filled the thing with shit

CHORUS

Now in this Commie prison camp, I am obliged to sit
For one cannot go very far, on a ration tin of shit
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly
But I'll have that quartermasters bollix for breakfast till I die

CHORUS

77 SHOWS US SHIT
(77 Sunset Strip)

Seventy-Seven shows us shit.

KNUCKLEHEAD DECEASED

He stood before the pearly gate
His face was scarred and old
He stood before the man of fate
For admission to the fold
"WHAT have you done?" St. Peter asked
I've been a fighter pilot sir,
For many years and ages past
I've fought the blunties and flew the Mirago
With the chosen dedicated few
I've been at Butterworth Air Base
and parts of Thailand too."
The pearly gate swung wide
St. Peter touched the bell
"Come in and chose your harp, my friend
You've had your share of hell".

UBON DETACHMENT

(Tune - Where have all the Flowers gone)

Where have all the pilots gone
Long time passing
Where have all the pilots gone
Long time ago

Where have all the pilots gone
Up to Ubon everyone
When will they ever learn
When will they ever return

Why have all the sword jocks gone
Long time no see
Why have all the sword jocks gone
Long time ago

Why have all the sword jocks gone
Damn good singlies everyone
When will they ever learn
When will they ever return

Why have all the singlies gone
Long time passing
Why have all the singlies gone
Long time ago

Why have all the singlies gone
Gone to defend us everyone
When will they ever learn
When will they ever return

Why the marriedies have not gone
Long time at home
Why the marriedies have not gone
Long time ago

Why the marriedies have not gone
They are rat finks everyone
When will they ever learn
When will they do their turn.

DON'T BURN OUR OUTHOUSE DOWN

Oh please don't burn our outhouse down
Mother has promised to pay
Mother is drunk, father's in jail
Sister's in the family way
Brother dear, is mighty queer
Times are bloody hard
So please don't burn our outhouse down
Or we'll all have it out in the yard

BALL'S OF O'LEARY
(Tune - Bells of St Mary's)

The balls of O'Leary
Are wrinkled and hairy
They dangle and jangle like the bells of St Pauls
The people all muster to see the great cluster
They stand and stare at the bloody great pair of O'Leary's balls.

IT WAS MY GRANDMA

Swinging from the outhouse door
As if she owned it
Swinging from the outhouse door
Ot was my grandma
Swinging from the outhouse door
Without her pants on
Swinging from the outhouse door
You should have seen her
Swinging from the outhouse door
One more time now
Swinging from the outhouse door

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT
(Tune - Mine Eyes have Seen the Glory)

By the ring around his eyeball, you can tell a Bombardier
You can tell a bomber pilot, by the spread across his rear
You can tell a Navigator, by his sextants, maps and such
You can tell a Fighter pilot, but you cant tell him much

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home
I'm tired and I wanna go to bed
Oh, I had a little drink about an hour ago
And it went right to my head

Wherever I may roam
On land or sea or foam
You can always hear me singin' this song
Shhw me the way to go home

Indicate the way to my abode
I'm fatigued and I want to retire
I had a spot of beverage sixty minutes ago
and it went right to my cerebellum

Wherever I may perambulate
On land or sea or atmospheric vapour
You can always hear me crooning this melody
Indicate the way to my abode

GIVE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38, with props that counter-rotate
They'll flick and they'll spin, and they'll sucker you in
Don't give me a P-38.

CHORUS:

NO! GIVE ME OPERATIONS, WAY OUT ON SOME LONELY ATOLL
FOR I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE, I JUST WANT TO GROW OLD.

Don't give me a P-39, with an engine that's mounted behind
It will tumble and roll, and dig a big hole
Don't give me a P-39.

CHORUS

Don't give me a Peter four-oh, it's a hell of an airplane I know
It's a ground-looping bastard, and your sure to get plastered
Don't give me a Peter four-oh.

CHORUS

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt, it gave many a pilot a jolt
It looks like a jug, and flies like a tug
Don't give me an old Thunderbolt.

CHORUS

Don't give me an old Shooting Star, it'll go but not very far
It'll splutter and spout, and whilst airborne, snuff out
Don't give me an old Shooting Star.

CHORUS

Don't give me an F-86, though it may seem good for kicks
But not with aft section fires, and lots of blown tyres
Don't give me an F-86.

CHORUS

Don't give me an F-39, though the manual says she'll climb
They're all in the States, all boxed up in crates
Don't give me an F-89.

CHORUS

Don't give me an F-94, it never established a score
It may fly in weather, but it won't hold together
Don't give me an F-94.

CHORUS

Don't give me an 86-D, with rockets, radar and AB
She's fast, I don't care, She blows up in midair
Don't give me an 86-D.

CHORUS

Don't give me a one double oh, the bastard is ready to blow
The AB is there, but you'll still need a prayer
Don't give me a one double oh.

CHORUS

Don't give me an F-101, it hasn't even got a gun
It's pitch up and pitch down, are matters of renown
Don't give me an F-101

CHORUS

Don't give me an F-102, it never goes up when it's blue
An all weather coffin, that flames out so often
Don't give me an F-102

CHORUS.

Don't give me an F-104, with compressor stalls galore
The wings are so small, that you can't turn it at all
Don't give me an F-104.

CHORUS

Don't give me an F-105, with no room to pull out of a dive
It manoeuvres quite well, straight ahead and goes like hell
Don't give me an F-105

CHORUS

Don't give me a Mirage III O, point it down and down you go
It's a portable prang, causing one hell of a bang
Don't give me a Mirage III O.

CHORUS

Don't give me an F-4E, in the night with no utility
Those hard landing drops and those quick barrier stops
Don't give me an F-4E

CHORUS

Don't give me an F-111, the ride's more hell than heaven
You can't even afford to boob, in this aluminium death tube
Don't give me an F-111

CHORUS

A LOST FIGHTER PILOT (Tune - The Wiffenproof Song)

In the sky at angels 40
In a thunderstorm so black
Sat a pilot in his Mirage III single jet
Now his engine was a'chuggin and he thought the end was near
But he didn't want to toss it in just yet
Now his Tacan wasn't pointing and his radar set was bent
And the fuel in his tanks was going fast
So he pressed the transmit button and breather into the air
MAYDAY - MAYDAY - BARAT - BARAT Save my arse.

I'm a poor fighter pilot on a cross-country
MAY-BLOODY-DAY

That I'm lost you can plainly see

MAY-BLOODY-DAY

BARAT - BARAT give me a steer

It's so lonely way up here.

Just get me back and I'll buy the beer.

MAY - BLOODY - DAY.

PARTIES, BANQUETS AND BALLS

Parties, Banquets and Balls, Boys
Parties, Banquets and Balls
As Mister Gorton has said before
There's only one way to stay out of a war
That's with parties, banquets and balls, boys
We'll have parties and banquets and
banquets and parties
And balls, balls, balls

THE OC'S LAMENT
(Tune - Ghost Riders in the Sky)

The Seventy Fifth went out to fly, one dark and stormy day
And as they taxied past, I heard the OC say,
The Seventy Fifth is gonna' fly, it makes me mighty proud
To know I have one squadron, who will penetrate a cloud.

The fumbling Third went out to fly, one bright and sunny day
And as they taxied past, I heard the OC say
The fumbling Third is gonna' fly, I've got a right to sweat
They mess around and stuff up, I'll lose my big stripe yet.

CHORUS:

WHAT A BUNCH OF MEATHEADS! DON'T EVEN EARN THEIR DOUGH!
THE SEVENTY FIFTH CAN STAY, BUT THE THIRD WILL HAVE TO GO!

FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS
(Tune - Five Hundred Miles)

If I miss the approach I'm on
You will know that I am gone
You can see the gauge read one thousand lbs.
 One Thousand LBS, One Thousand LBS,
 One Thousand LBS, One Thousand LBS,
 You can see the gauge read one thousand lbs.
Lord I'm nine, Lord I'm eight
Lord I'm seven, Lord I'm six
Lord I'm five hundred lbs from my home
 Five hundred LBS, Five Hundred LBS,
 Five Hundred LBS, Five Hundred LBS,
 Lord I'm Five Hundred lbs from my home
Not a store upon my aircraft
Not a gallon to my name,
Lord I can't go a home this a way.
 This a way, this a way
 This a way, this a way
 Lord I can't go a home this a way.
If I miss the approach I'm on
You will know that I am gone,
You can see the gauge read one hundred LBS.

MY WILD EYED KNUCK
(Tune - My Wild Irish Rose)

My wild eyed knuck, he ain't learned nothing yet
He noses her down, when close to the ground
My wild eyed knuck.
He slips in his banks, if he lives we'll all give thanks
I hear drums beating low, and men marching slow
Behind my wild eyed knuck.

BLOODY MAGPIE

There once was bloody Magpie, who lived up bloody spout
Along came bloody rainstorm, and washed that bugger out.

Along came bloody Lizard and spied 'im in 'is snuggery
He sharpened up is teeth and chewed 'im up to buggery.

Along came bloody sportin' type, complete with bloody gun
He shot that bloody Lizard, right up 'is bloody bung.

The moral of this story, so plain to everyone
That them that lives up bloody spouts
Don't have much bloody fun.

ODE TO THE PROGRAMMING OFFICER

You ought to be dead you old bastard
You ought to be damn well shot
You ought to be tied to the door of the out-house
and left there to damn well rot.

I've sat in this damn cockpit for hours and hours
I've stuck it as long as I could
I've stuck it and stuck it so now I say stuff it
My arse's not made out of wood.

HEADQUARTERS AND FLYING SAFETY (Tune - Dear Hearts and Gentle People)

I love old Headquarters, and Flying Safety
They're nothing but hot air
But if you bust one, and take the barrier
You know damn well that they'll be there.

I read my flight manual, from dawn till dusk
But it don't go so well
For when the Board meets, and I go up there
I know they're going to give me hell.

I feel so helpless, each time I try to fly
For I know they'll watch each move I make
And so it's Headquarters and Flying Safety
Watching every rule I break.

OLD OCU (Tune - When You Were a Tulip)

When you flew a Mirage and I flew a Mirage
In the old OCU
Other pilots went to briefing
We stayed in the sack a'sleeping
Hotter jocks you'll never see
We were hotter than Tabasco, when HQ's pulled each fiasco
Artists all at screwing you
When you flew a Mirage and I flew a Mirage
In the old OCU.

YE OLD BUTTERWORTH BAR

Oh, the pale moon shone on the bar room floor
The bar was closed for the night
Then out of their holes came the 'roaches
And they moved in the pale moonlight.

They lapped up the liquor on the bar room floor
Everywhere there were dirty eight-legged tracks
And all through the night, you hear them shout
Bring on your gooddamn bar snacks!

SIXTEEN TIMES

(Tune - Sixteen Tons)

Some people say a man is made out of fear
But a fighter pilot's made out of whisky and beer,
Whisky and beer, rum and gin
If you fly the dot you're sure to spin in.

CHORUS:

YOU FLY SIXTEEN TIMES AND WHAT DO YOU GET
ANOTHER DAY OLDER AND YOU'RE WEAPON IS BENT
SQUADRON LEADER, DON'T CALL ME, I'M WEAK AND LAME
I LOST MY ARSE IN A POKER GAME.

I awoke one morning when the sun didn't shine
I got my chute and went out to the line
Out to the line to fly the old sword
But the sky wasn't blue and the rain just poured.

CHORUS

I scrambled one morning with blood in my eye
I'd had my fill of hops and rye
Shot magenta holes in a Mirage III
Now they've hung my arse from a coconut tree.
CHORUS

When you see me comin' better break to the right
'Cause the 77th had a party last night
My eyeballs are red and I'm mean as a beer
Believe me the 75th had better clear the air
CHORUS.

LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY

With so meone like you,
A pal good and true,
I'd like to leave it all behind,
And go and find
Some place that's known
To God alone
Just a spot to call our own.

We'll find perfect peace,
Where joys never cease,
Out there beneath a kindly sky
We'll build a sweet little nest
Somewhere in the West,
And let the rest of the world go by.

AIR FORCE 801
(Tune - Wabash Cannonball)

Listen to the rumble, Oh hear old Merlin roar
I'm flying over Fuji like I never flew before
Here the rush of slipstream, and hear old Merlin moan
I'll wait a bit and say a prayer and hope it gets me home

Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the downwind leg, my prop has overrun
My coolants overheated, and the gauge says 1-2-1
You'd better get the crash crew out and get them on the run

Listen Air Force 801, this is Itazuke Tower
I cannot call the crash-crew out this is their coffee hour
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see
So take it once around again, you're not a VIP.

Itazuke Tower this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the downwind leg, I see you're biscuit gun
My engine's running very rough, my coolant's gonna' blow
I'm gonna' bend a Mustang, so look out down below.

Now listen Air Force 801, this is Itazuke Tower
We'd like to let you in right now, but we haven't got the power
Well sent a not through channels, and wait for a reply
Untill we get permission back, just hold there in the sky.

Itazuke Tower this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the final, I'm running on one lung
I'm gonna' land this Mustang, no matter what you say
I've gotta' get my charts fired up, before that judgement day.

Itazuke Tower this is Air Force 801
I'm up in Pilot's Heaven and my flying days are done
I'm sorry that I blew up, I couldn't make the grade
I guess I should have waited till the landing was okayed.

SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON

Round her neck she wore a yellow ribbon,
She wore it in the springtime and in the month of May
And if you asked her why the heck she wore it,
She wore it for her lover who was far far away.

CHORUS:

FAR AWAY, FAR AWAY, FAR AWAY, FAR AWAY,
OH, SHE WORE IT FOR HER LOVER WHO WAS FAR FAR AWAY.
FAR AWAY, FAR AWAY, FAR AWAY, FAR AWAY,
OH, SHE WORE IT FOR HER LOVER WHO WAS FAR FAR AWAY.

Around her knee she wore a purple garter,
She wore it in the springtime and in the month of May,
And if you asked her why the heck she wore it,
She wore it for her lover who was far far away.

CHORUS

Behind the door her father kept a shot gun,
He kept it in the springtime and in the month of May,
And if you asked him why the heck he kept it,
He kept it for her lover who was far far away.

CHORUS

And on the wall she keeps a marriage licence,
She keeps it in the springtime and in the month of May,
And if you ask her why the heck she keeps it,
She keeps it for her lover who is far far away.

CHORUS

BLESS 'EM ALL

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all
The needle, the airspeed and ball
Bless all the instructors who taught me to fly
Sent me up solo and left me to die
And if your blow jet should stall
You're due for one hell of a fall
No lillies or violets for dead fighter pilots
But cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all
The long, the short and the tall
Bless old man Lockheed for building this jet
I know a guy who is cursing it yet
For he tried to go over the wall
With it's tiptanks, it's tailpipes and all
The needle did cross and wings did come off
But cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all
The Avon, the winders and all
Bless all the Aussies for building this jet
I don't know a ~~guy~~ who has cursed it yet
But they really went over the wall
With two 30 mil cannons and all
If you honk on the stick, the old Sabre will flick
But cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all
The Bezu, the Matra and all
Bless old man Dassault for building this jet
All those arabs do hate her I bet
'Cause Israelis with Miracles had a ball
With radar, the doppler and all
She won't fall apart, but spears in like a dart
But cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all
The long, the short and the tall
Bless all the sergeants and their bloody sons
Bless all the corporals and fat headed ones
I'm saying goodbye to them all
The long, the short and the tall
There'll be no promotion, this side of the ocean
But cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

TOAST TO A FIGHTER PILOT

A fighter pilot is a lonely man
He lives alone and flies alone and dies alone
And when he drinks, he drinks a toast to himself
And this is the way that it goes:
"Here's to me in my sober mood
As I ponder, sit and think
And here's to me in my drunken mood
When I ramble, screw and drink
And when at last it's over, and from this world I pass
I want them to bury me upside down
SO THE WORLD CAN KISS MY ARSE!!!! "

THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh the place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray
Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray
They're all in USO's, wearing ribbons and fancy clothes
Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray.

Oh the bomber pilots life is just a farce
Oh the bomber pilots life is just a farce
The automatic pilot is on, he's reading novels in the john
Oh the bomber pilots life is just a farce.

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
His gyros are uncaged, and his women overaged
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare.

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing
The place is full of brass, sitting round on their fat arse
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing.

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
They are all across the bay, getting shot at every day
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan.

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States
They are off on foreign shores, making mothers out of whores
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States.

Oh it's naughty, naughty, naughty but it's nice
Oh it's naughty, naughty, naughty, but it's nice
It'll wreck your reputation, but increase the population
Oh it's naughty, naughty, naughty, but it's nice.

DON'T FENCE ME IN

Oh, give me land, lots of land, under starry skies above,
Don't fence me in.
Let me ride through the wide open country that I love,
Don't fence me in.
Let me be by myself in the evening breeze,
Listen to the murmur of the cottonwood trees.
Send me off forever, but I ask you please,
Don't fence me in.

Just turn me loose, let me straddle my old saddle
underneath the western skies.
On my cayuse, let me wander over yonder till I see the
mountains rise.

I want to ride to the ridge where the West commences,
Gaze at the moon till I lose my senses,
Can't look at hobbles and I can't stand fences,
Don't fence me in !

ON TOP OF OLD HANOI
(Tune - On Top Of Old Smokey)

On top of old Hanoi, all covered with flak
I lost my poor wingman, he'll never come back
For flying is a pleasure, and dying is grief
And a quick triggered commie, is worse than a thief

For a thief will just rob you, and take all you have
But a quick triggered commie, will send you to the grave
And the grave will destroy you, and turn you to dust
Not one MIG in a thousand, a Phantom can trust

Not when the bad weather keeps the ships down
All the way we can hear, this horrible sound
Attention all pilots, now listen to this
There'll be a short meeting, that you dare not miss

They'll give us some lectures, then give us some more
But we have all heard them, twenty five times before
Now listen you trainees, you can't fight the group
Whatever they tell you, is superfluous poop.

SPRING TIME ON THE RED RIVER
(Tune - When It's Spring Time in the Rockies)

When it's spring time on the Red River and the MIGs come up to play
And the contrails run in circles, fighter pilots earn their pay
WE'll hold our triggers steady when our sights are zeroed in
We'll hold our glasses ready when they pass out rum and gin

When it's spring time on the Red River and the Napalm is in bloom
And your 'winders do the talking and it's just a MIG and you
Once again you'll hear me whisper that my fuel is running low
When it's spring time on the Red River then it's time for us to go.

NORTHWARD HO
(Tune - I'm Looking Over A Four Leaf Clover)

I'm looking Northward to Haiphong Harbour
While Sams on the ground look at me
Seventh says Go-Go
But I'd rather not
It's right in the arsehole that I'll sure get shot

I'm not complaining, I'm just explaining
So two stay with me through the pass
Jink through the jungle, make the AB rumble
And we'll fly up our own arse.

BRITANNIA

Rule Britannia
Marmalade and jam
Five Chinese crackers up your arse-hole
BANG - BANG - BANG - BANG - BANG

BLINDBAT
(Tune - You Are My Sunshine)

You are my Blindbat, my only Blindbat
You flare my targets when skies are grey
I chase your trucks from Ron to Dong Hoi
Just to find they have all slipped away

The other night, as I was flying
I heard old blindbat say
I've got a convoy down by Phat Ban
Wont you head that way if you can

He said he had me in radar contact
And I believed him like a dope
I flew to Phat Ban and still no convoy
He had chased St Elmo across his nose

You were my Blindbat, my only Blindbat
How could you let me down this way
My chute was swinging they heard me singing
Wont you take my blindbat away.

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

There is a tavern in the town, in the town
And there my true love sits him down, sits him down
And drinks his wine as merry as can be
And never, never thinks of me

CHORUS:

FARE THEE WELL, FOR I MUST LEAVE THEE, DO NOT THE PARTING GRIEVE THEE
AND REMEMBER THAT THE BEST OF FRIENDS MUST PART, MUST PART

ADIEU, ADIEU KIND FRIENDS, ADIEU, YES ADIEU
I CAN NO LONGER STAY WITH YOU, STAY WITH YOU
I'LL HANG MY HEART ON THE WEEPING WILLOW TREE
AND MAY THE WORLD GO WELL WITH THEE

Oh; dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep
Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet
And on my breast carve a turtle dove
To signify I died of love
CHORUS

WE WEE ON THREE

We wee on Three, we wee on Three
We wee, we wee on Three
We wee, we wee, we wee, we wee
We wee, we wee on Three

76 SQUADRON IS A SHOWER OF SHIT
(Tune - 76 Trombones Led the Big Parade)

Seventy-Six Squadron is a shower of shit.

SWEET VIOLETS

Now the Cuckoo is a strange bird
It sits on the grass
With it's wings neatly folded
And it's beak up it's arse
From this strange position
It seldom does flit
For it's hard to say Cuckoo
With a beak full of

CHORUS:

SWEET VIOLETS,
SWEETER THAN ALL THE ROSES,
COVERED ALL OVER FROM HEAD TO TOE,
COVERED ALL OVER WITH SWEET VIOLETS.

There once was a farmer who took a young miss
In back of the barn where he gave her a
Lecture on horses and chickens and eggs
And told her that she had such beautiful
Manners that suited a girl of her charms,
A girl that he wanted to take in his
Washing and ironing and then if she did,
They could get married and raise lots of
CHORUS.

The girl told the farmer that he'd better stop
And she called her father and he called a
Taxi and got there before very long
'Cause someone was doing his little girl
Right for a change and so that's why he said
If you marry her, son, you're better off
Single 'cause it's always been my belief
Marriage will bring a man nothing but
CHORUS.

The farmer decided he'd wed anyway,
And started in planning for his wedding
Suit which he purchased for only one buck
But then he found out he was just out of
Money and so he got left in the lurch
Standing and waiting in front of the church
End of this story which just goes to show
All a girl wants from a man is his
CHORUS.

BUTTERWORTH

Oh they say that this BUTTERWORTH's a wonderful place
But the organization's a bloody disgrace
There's Wing Commanders and Group Captains too
With their hands in their pockets and stuff all to do
They stand on the line and they rave and they shout
And for all of their good they might just as well be
Back home in good old Aussie with you and with me

THE RED RIVER VALLEY

To the Red River Valley we're going
For to get us some trains and some tracks
But if I had my say-so about it
I'd still be back home in the sack.

Come and sit by my side at the briefing
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
To the Red River Valley we're going
And I'm flying four in flight blue.

We went for to check on the weather
And they said it was clear as can be
Now I lost my wingman 'round the field
And the rest augered in out at sea.

S-2 said there's no flak where we're going
S-2 said there's flak on the way
There's a dark overcast O're the target
I'm beginning to doubt what they say.

An F-100 went by like a whirlwind
And An F-8 went by like a breeze
And a C-47 with one feathered
Went by hosing off his 20's.

To the Red River Valley we are going
And many strange sights will we see
but the one there that held my attention
Was the SAM that they throw up at me.

PHANTOM CO-PILOTS LAMENT (Tune - Cowboys Lament)

I'm the co-pilot, I sit in the back
It's up to me to be sharp as a tack
I never make small talk, for I'll have regrets
And I must remember what the Captain forgets.

I make out the flight plan and study the weather
I read off the checklist and sit back there tethered
I make out the mail forms and all the reports
And fly the old crate while the AC cavorts.

I make all the headings not touching the stick
And look in the scope when the weather is thick
And I tell him where we are on the darkest night
And do all the book work without any light.

I call for my AC and buy him his cokes
And I always laugh at his corny jokes
And once in a while when his landings are busy
I come through with, "bloody oath it's gusty".

And all in all I'm a general stooge
As I sit to the aft of this man, this scrooge
But maybe someday with great understanding
He'll soften a bit and give me a landing.

MACH RIDERS IN THE SKY

(Tune - Ghost Riders in the Sky)

A Miracle got airborne, one dark and stormy day
And as he raised the under-cart, you could hear the pilot pray
"Get all those wheels into the well and I'll be safe and sound
Don't let that fire go out, Dear Lord, 'til I'm back on the ground."

CHORUS:

YIPPEE YI YA, YI YA, YIPPEE YI YO,
MACH RIDERS IN THE SKY

Air defence is here to stay, so we're always on alert
Just waitin' for a Bandit to gun into the dirt
'Though we work on holidays, and weekends just the same
And fly right through the bumpers, it's all part of the game.

CHORUS

And as our Mirages leave the ground, their tails are spouting flame
The pilots they all go through Hell, but fly 'em just the same
The line crew work their arses off, to keep 'em flyin' high
And watch with satisfaction, as their 'planes go screaming by.

CHORUS

Day and night out pilots fight, to live up to their name
Other pilots come and go, but ours just fly on fame
They're going to fly forever, in the space up there on high
They curse and cry, and live or die, Mach Riders in the Sky.

CHORUS

MEETING MARY

Lately I've had trouble meeting Mary, Wow
Mary's Man and Pa don't care for me
To save myself a fight
An' make everything alright
I've been meeting Mary by the zoo
Down by the zoo
On Monday I meet Mary by the camels
Mary loves the animals you see
Tuesday by the bears
And Wednesday by the hares
Thursday by the deer, my dear you see
On Friday I meet Mary by the monkeys, Wow
Swinging on their little rings of brass
On Saturday I meet Mary by the donkeys
And that's where I get Mary by the ZAZZOOZAZZ.

IN ENGLAND

I wish I were in England, I do, I do
I'd walk up to Trafalgar Square
And say to Nelson standing there
"GET STUFFED, GET STUFFED
You one eyed pommy bastard!".

BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS

Once there was a little girl who lived next to me,
And she loved a sailor boy, he was only three.
Now he's on a battle ship in his sailor suit,
Just a great big sailor man but he's just as cute.

CHORUS: Bell bottom trousers, coat of navy blue,
She loves her sailor, and he loves her too!

When they walk along the street, anyone can see
They are, oh, so much in love, happy as can be.
Hand in hand they stroll along, they don't give a hoot -
He won't let go of her hand, even to salute.
CHORUS

When her sailor boy's away on the ocean blue
Soldier boys all flirt with her, but to him she's true.
Tho' they smile and tip their caps, and they wink their eyes,
She just smiles and shakes her head - then she softly sighs:
CHORUS

Ev'rywhere her sailor went, she was sure to go,
Till one day he sailed away; where she doesn't know.
Now she's gonna join the Waves, maybe go to sea,
Try to find her sailor boy, wherever he may be.
CHORUS

If her sailor she can't find on the bounding main,
She is hopeful he will soon come home safe again.
So they can get married, and raise a family,
Dress up all their kids in sailor's dungarees.
CHORUS

RUDDY POMMY BOARDER
(Tune - South of the Border)

That louse of a boarder
Who else could it be
While I was away at work
That lousy jerk filled in for me.
Oh I didn't get angry
Though it's driving me wild,
For he may be the father
Of my only child!

Oh the baby's first words were mom
It was then I could plainly see
That it certainly was a Pom
And there is no pommy blood in me

Oh I stabbed the boarder
I stabbed him that day
I cut him up the old butcher's way
I sliced off his bollicks
Now he'll never, ever play
South of his border, in a coveting way.

LET'S SING A HYMN

Him!
Him!
STUFF Him!

LETS HAVE A PARTY

Parties make the world go round,
World go round, World go round,
Parties make the world go round
So let's have a party.

We're gonna tear down the bar in the Officers' Mess	BOO
We're gonna build a new bar	RAY
It's only gonna be one foot wide	BOO
But it'll be a mile long	RAY
They'll 'be no bartenders in our bar	BOO
We're gonna have barmaids	RAY
Our barmaids will wear long dresses	BOO
Made out of collophane	RAY
You can't take our barmaids home	BOO
They'll take you home	RAY
You can't sleep with our barmaids	BOO
They won't let you sleep	RAY
Soft drinks gonna be 5¢ a glass	BOO
Beer free	RAY
Only one to each pilot	BOO
Served in buckets	RAY
We're gonna throw all the beer in the river	BOO
Then we'll all go swimmin'	RAY
No girls allowed in the ante room	BOO
With their clothes on	RAY
There'll be no loving on the dance floor	BOO
And no dancing on the loving floor	RAY

Parties make the world go round
World go round, World go round,
Parties make the world go round
So let's have a party.

STREET CLEANER SONG

(Tune - Carolina in the morning)

Nothing could be meaner, than to be a street cleaner
In the morning
Nothing could be bluer than to pick up horse manure
In the morning

When the horses unload
That's what I really hate
Cleaning up horse manure
From four AM till eight
Strolling with my pushcart
When the breezes smell like cheeses
In the morning.

There's nothing more I fear
Than a horse with diarrhoea
In the morning
Why can't they drop those little balls
That don't stick to my coveralls
In the morning.

If I had Alladin's lamp for only a day
I would make a wish or two
And here's what I'd say
I wish they would put glasses
All around those horses arses
In the morning.

DRINKING SONG

What's the use of drinking tea
Indulging in sobriety
Teetotaled perversity
It's healthier to booze.

What's the use of milk and water
There are drinks that never alter
Be aloud in any quarter
Come on lose your blues.

Mix yourself a shady
Drown yourself in brandy
Sherry sweet or whisky neat
Or any other liquor that is handy.

What's the blinking sense in drinking
Anything that doesn't make you stinking
There is nothing quite like sinking
Blotto to the floor.

Abberations metabolic
Ceilings that are hyperbolic
These are for the alchoholic
Lying on the floor.

Vodka for your auntie
Gin to make you hearty
Lemonade was only made
For drinking when your mother's at the party.

Steer clear of home-made beer
Or anything that isn't labelled clear
There is nothing else to fear
Bottoms up, my boys.

PADDY MURPHY

Have you ever been in an Irishman's shanty
Where whiskey is plenty and the money is scanty
A bed on the floor, a roof of thatch
A string on the door instead of a latch
Now there's icepicks and toothpicks
And all kinds of lunatics, ice dream and cold cream
The girls were drinking kerosene.

Now the night that Paddy Murphy died is one I'll not forget
The boys they started drinking and some ain't sober yet
On the night that Paddy Murphy died
They came from far and near
They took the ice right off the corpse and put it in the beer.

And that's how we showed our respect for Paddy Murphy
That's how we showed our honor and our pride
That's how we showed our respect for Paddy Murphy
On the night that Paddy died.

THE MAN IN THE MOON

Oh? if all little girls were like fish in the ocean
And I were a whale I would teach them emotion

CHORUS:

OH, ROLL YOUR LEG OVER, ROLL YOUR LEG OVER
ROLL YOUR LEG OVER THE MAN IN THE MOON

Oh, if all little girls were like bells in the tower
And I were a clapper I'd bang by the hour
CHORUS

If all little girls were like sheep in the pasture
And I were a ram, I'd make them run faster
CHORUS

If all little girls were like little white rabbits
And I were a hare, I'd teach them bad habits
CHORUS:

If all little girls were like little red vixens
And I were a fox, I surely would fix'em
CHORUS

If all little girls were like bats in the steeple
And I were a bat, there'd be more bats than people
CHORUS

I 'VE GOT SIXPENCE

I've got sixpence, jolly jolly sixpence
I've got sixpence to last me all of my life
I've got tuppence to spend and tuppence to lend
And tuppence to send home to my wife, poor wife
No cares have I to grieve me
No pretty little girls to deceive me
I'm happy as a king, believe me
As we go rolling rolling home

Rolling home
Rolling home
By the light of the silvery moon
Happy is the day when a soldier gets his pay
As we go rolling, rolling home

PISS ON THE LIZARDS

Let's all go down and piss on the lizards
Piss on the lizards, piss on the lizards
Let's all go down and piss on the lizards
Till they all float away
Till they all float away
Till they all float away

Let's all go down and piss on the lizards
Piss on the lizards, piss on the lizards
Let's all go down and piss on the lizards
Till they all float away

I WANTED WINGS

I wanted wings until I got the goddamned things
Now I dont want them anymore
They taught me how to fly, then they sent me off to die
I've had a belly full of war
You can save those bloody zeroes for the other goddamned heroes
Distinguished Flying Crosses do not compensate for losses, Buster

CHORUS:

I WANTED WINGS 'TIL I GOT THE GODDAMNED THINGS
NOW I DONT WANT THEM ANYMORE

Yes I'll take the dames, while the rest go down in flames
I have no desire to be burned
Air combat spells romance, 'til they shoot holes in my pants
I'm not a fighter I have learned
You can save those Mitsubishis, for the other sons-of-bitches
For I'd rather lay a woman, than be shot down in a Grumman, Buster
CHORUS

Now I'm too young to die in a lousy PBX
That's for the eager, not for me
I dont trust my luck, to be picked up by a "duck"
After I've crashed into the sea
Yes I'd rather be a bell-hop, than a flyer from a flat-top
With my hand around a bottle, you can keep yer goddamned throttle,
CHORUS Buster

I don't care to tour over Berlin and the Ruhr
Flak always make me lose my lunch
I get an urge to pray, when they holler "Bombs Away"
I'd rather be home with the bunch
For there's one thing you can't kaugh off
And that's when they shoot your tail-pipe half off
For I'd rather be home buster, with my arse, than with a cluster, Buster
CHORUS

They feed us lousy chow, but we get along somehow
On dehydrated eggs and milk and stew
Rumour has it next, they'll be dehydrating sex
And that's the day I'll tell the coach I'm through
For I've managed all the dangers, the shooting back at strangers
But when I get home late, I want my woman straight, Buster
CHORUS

I wanted wings 'til I got the goddamned things
Now I dont want them any more
I dont want to tour, in Thailand thats for sure
I've had a belly full of war
With Comrade Mao's country cousins, and mosquitoes by the dozens
Fighting MIGs of Uncle Ho's, would fairly keep you on your toes, Buster
CHORUS

I dont want to die, over Ubon in the sky
MIGs always make me lose my lunch
For me there's no "Hey Hey", screaming, "Lion which-a-way"
I'd rather be home with the bunch
For theres one thing you cant laugh off
And thats when they shoot your arse off
For I'd rather be home Buster, with my arse, than with a cluster, Buster
CHORUS

THE 25TH OF MIGHT
(Tune - Bye Bye Blackbird)

Here we stand on the ground
We won't fly 'till the sun goes down
We fly Mirages
Go in low and come out fast
Keep those lighters off our arse
We fly Mirages
No one here can ever understand us
You should hear all the shit they hand us
Mix those drinks and mix 'em right
Because we're standing down tonight
Mirages, we fly.

MY GRANDFATHER'S COCK
(Tune - My Grandfather's Clock)

My Grandfather's cock was too long for his dacks
So it dragged ninety years on the floor
It was longer by half than the old man himself
'Though it weighed not a pennyweight more
It was found on the morn of the day that he was born
And was always his pleasure and pride
But it drooped, wilted, never to rise again
When the old man died.

Ninety years without limbering
What a cock, what a cock
His pieces of arse numbering
What a cock, what a cock
But it drooped, wilted, never to rise again
When the old man died.

My Grandfather's cock was too long for his dacks
So he lent it to the woman next door,
She grabbed it by the point, and pulled it out of joint,
So he swore he'd never lend it any more.
He'd a horn on the morn of the day that he was born,
It was his pleasure and pride.
But it drooped, wilted, never to rise again
When the old man died.

Ninety years without limbering
What a cock, what a cock
His pieces of arse numbering
What a cock, what a cock
But it drooped, wilted, never to rise again
When the old man died.

ALL THE THIRD PILOTS
(Tune - Poor Alice is a-weeping)

All the third pilots ascend up, ascend up,
All the third pilots ascend up on high.
Ascend up, Ascend up.
Which end up? ARSE END UP!
All the third pilots ascend up on high.

You can take the leg from some old table
You can take the arm from some old chair
You can take the neck from some old bottle
And from a horse you can take some hair

Now you put them all together
With the air of string and glue
And I'll get more lovin' from that goddamned dummy
Than I ever get from you

OH JOHNNY

Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny, look what you've got
Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny, I'll tell my mum
You've put me in the family way
Whatever will my daddy say
Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny, I'm six months gone
Three more months to go
If you value your life, you will make me your wife
Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny Oh.

ROLL ME OVER

Now this is Number one, and the song has just begun
CHORUS:

ROLL ME OVER, LAY ME DOWN AND DO IT AGAIN
ROLL ME OVER IN THE CLOVER
ROLL ME OVER, LAY ME DOWN, AND DO IT AGAIN

Now this is number two, and He's got me in a stew
CHORUS

Now this is number three, and his hand is on my knee
CHORUS

Now this is number four, and he's got me on the floor
CHORUS

Now this is number five, and his hand is on my thigh
CHORUS

Now this is number six, and he's got me in a fix
CHORUS

Now this is number seven, and I think I am in heaven
CHORUS

Now this is number eight, and the doctor's at the gate
CHORUS

Now this is number nine, and the twins are doing fine
CHORUS

Now this is number ten, and he's started once again
CHORUS.

MOTHER HUMBERS BALL

Oh there's gonna be a ball at the Mother Humpers Hall
The witches and the Bitches gonna be there all
Now honey don't be late, 'cause they're passing out pussy
'Bout half past eight

I've been humping on the coast of Maine
But the best place I ever saw
Was when I humped my mother-in-law

SIDI SLIMANE SONG
(Tune - On Top of Old Smokey)

Now gather 'round closely, I'll sing this refrain
Of our life in Morocco, here at Sidi Slimane
There's not enough women, to grace this bare land
But there's plenty of flea bites, of dung heaps and sand
The heat in the daytime, will wither your soul
And through the long evenings, you will shiver with cold
It's so dirty and sticky, with the heat and the smell
You'll think you've been buried, and you've gone straight to hell
Each pilot then swears he, has been wrongly assigned
And the Air Force Commanders, have gone out of their minds
While he sits there sweating, wondering why he is here
The salt from his tear drops, making his whiskey taste queer
So we'll try some rye whiskey, and we'll try some rum
And a gallon of Cognac, and the answer will come
We need some equipment, and we need some supplies
But any improvement, will be a surprise
And the boy you will notice, who take it so hard
Are the recalled Reservists, and the Air National Guard
But with all of their whining, there's one thing that's clear
Sure it's rough in Morocco, but it's death in Korea.

THE BATTLE HYMN

We fly our bloody Mirages at ten thousand bloody feet
We fly our bloody Mirages through the rain and snow and sleet
Although we think we're flying South
We're flying bloody North
And we make the bloody landfall on the Firth of bloody Forth

CHORUS:

GLORY, GLORY HALLELUIA, GLORY, GLORY HALLELUIA
GLORY, GLORY HALLELUIA, (INSERT LAST LINE OF EACH VERSE)

We fly those bloody Mirages at stuff all thousand feet
We fly those bloody Mirages through the trees and corn and wheat
And though we think we fly with skill
We fly with bloody luck
But we don't give a bloody damn or care a bloody stuff
We fly those bloody Mirages at ten thousand bloody feet
We fly those bloody Mirages through the rain and snow and sleet
And though we think we're flying up
We're flying bloody down
And we bust our bloody arses when we hit the bloody ground.

ALL POMMIES ARE BASTARDS

I'll sing you a song and it won't take long
All pommies are bastards
I'll sing you another just like the other
All pommies are bastards.

THE ARMY-AIR FORCE HEAVEN

Beside a Korean waterfall, one bright and sunny day
Beside his shattered fighter plane, a poor young pilot lay
A parachute hung from a tree, but he was not yet dead
And as they gathered around him, these were the he said.

I'm going to that better land, where the motors always roar
Where the egg-nogs grow on egg plants, in the quartermasters store
Where there aren't no interceptors or enemies around
There'll be apple pie, and hock and rye and the pilots go there,
When they die, in the Army-Air Force heaven.

The pilot lay beside the fall, with medics clustered 'round
Then he said "It's such a lovely place, I swear I'M bound"
The crankshaft in his liver, and a spark plug on his nose
He says, "I'm flying fast my friends, to where every pilot goes."

I'm going to that better land where the airmen rise in style
Where the automatic pilot works, and we sit back and smile
There's a girl for every officer and a dozen for the crew
There'll be beds of hay, in the old bomb-bay
And the boys will shout out "Bombs Away,"
in the Army-Air Force heaven.

His breath came fast, he could not last
It was sadness they all eyed him
The medics wept, the tears rolled down
The pools flowed down beside him.

The waters rose, they reached his toes
He floated where he lay
And as he drifted out of sight
His comrades heard him say.

I'm going to that better land
Where the flak don't never fly
Where bullets are all cotton buds
And the shells are apple pie.

Where the clouds are champagne cocktails
And you drink them on the fly
But it's time to leave, don't you believe
I'll be wearing wings on the leather sleeve
in the Army-Air Force heaven.

I'm going to a better land, where everything is bright
Where whiskey flows from telephone poles
And play poker every night
We haven't got a thing to do, but sit around and sing
And all our crews are women, Oh death where is they sting.

Oh death where is thy sting, ting a ling
Oh death where is thy sting
The bells of Hell will ring ting a ling
For you but not for me.

Oh, ting a ling, blow it out your arse
Ting a ling a ling ling, blow it out your arse
Ting a ling a ling ling, blow it out your arse
Better days are coming bye and bye.

WE SOLD OUR COW

We sold our cow
We sold our cow
We've got no use
For your bull now.

'G' SUITS AND PARACHUTES
(Tune - Bell Bottom Trousers)

Once there was a barmaid, down in Brewery Lane
Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was the same
Along came a pilot, handsome as could be
And he was the cause of all her misery.

CHORUS:

SING 'G' SUITS AND PARACHUTES
AND UNIFORMS OF BLUE
HE'LL FLY A FIGHTER
LIKE HIS DADDY USED TO DO.

He asked for a candle to light his way to bed
He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head
And she, like a silly girl, thinking it no harm
Climbed in bed beside him, just to keep the bastard warm
CHORUS

Now early in the morning, before the break of day
A five pound note he handed her, and this to her did say
"Take this my darling, for the damage I have done
By me you'll have a daughter, or by me you'll have a son.
CHORUS

Now the moral of my story, as you can plainly see
Is never trust a pilot, an inch above the knee
The barmaid trusted one, and he went off to fly
Leaving her a daughter, to help the time go by.

CHORUS:

SINGING 'G' SUITS AND PARACHUTES
AND UNIFORMS OF BLUE
SHE'LL NEVER FLY A FIGHTER
LIKE HER DADDY USED TO DO.

THE DUFFED DUBBO DIVERSION

I duffed a girl, on a diversion to Dubbo
Now she has grown, about as far as she can grow
'Cause she's only got another month to go.

I took her down to Luna Park, and went aboard the dipper
Then coming down the stairs, I tried my very best to trip her
It looks as though it's going to be a very stubborn nipper.

She told me many months ago that it was getting late
According to the calendar I've only one to wait
Four weeks and a day or two should be the opening date.

I took her to a doctor, I took her to some quacks
I took her on a motor bike over bumpy tracks
But I expect a rebate on my next year's income tax.

LET'S SAY HELLO TO 3 SQUADRON

Hello Three Squadron,
Hello at last,
Hello Three Squadron
For you're a Horse's arse.

WREAK OF THE OLD 97
(Tune - Wreck of Old 97)

There were 97 airplanes running up on the apron
As far as the eye could see
Now the first 96 were of recent construction
But the last was a 51D.

Then a Second Lieutenant wandered into operations,
And asked for a ship to fly
They said 'young man we're very short of airplanes
But we'll get you a something by and by.

No the first 46 are reserved for the Majors
The Captains have the next 49
There's only one other ship on the end of the apron
Said the shirt-tail and that one is mine.

So he flew over Tojon and the Payview airstrips
When the ceiling began to fall
The clouds closed down on the tops of the mountains
He couldn't see the ground at all.

He flew through the rain, he flew through the snowstorm
When the light began to fail
Then he spied a railroad going in his direction
Then he said better go by rail.

He flew down the valley and he dodged through the canyon
Keeping that train in his sight
'Til the train disappeared in a hole in the mountain
That was the end of his flight.

It was old 97, with her nose in the mountain
Her wheels set a kimbo on the track
Yes her throttle was bent in the forward position
But the engine was facing straight back.

Oh, ladies, ladies, take fair warning from this timeon,
Never speak harsh words to your high flying pilot
He may leave you and never return.

THE WHIFFENPROOF SONG

To the tables down at Maury's, to the place where Louis dwells
To the dear old temple bar we loved so well
Sit the Whiffenproof assembled, with their glasses held on high,
And the magic of their singing casts a spell,
Yes the magic of their singing, of the songs we loved so well,
"Shall I", "Wasting" and "Mavournee" and the rest
We will serenade our ladies till life and death shall pass
And we'll all be forgotten with the rest.

We are poor little lambs, who have lost our way
BAA, BAA, BAA
We are poor black sheep who have lost our way
BAA, BAA, BAA

Gentlemen songsters off on a spree
Doomed from here to eternity
God have mercy on such as we.
BAA, BAA, BAA

YOU'LL NEVER MIND

Come on and join the Air Force, we're a happy band they say
We never do a lick of work, just fly around all day
While others work and study hard, and soon grow old and blind
You'll take to the air without a care, and you will never mind.

CHORUS:

You'll never mind, you'll never mind
Come and join the Air Force, and you will never mind.

Promotions come upon you, just as high as you desire
You're riding on the gravy train, when you're an Air Force flyer
But when you're just about to be a General you will find
Your engine coughs, your wings fall off, and you will never mind.

CHORUS

One day you loop and spin her, and with an awful tear
You find yourself without your wings, but you will never care
For in about two minutes more, another pair you'll find
You'll fly with Pete and his angels sweet, and you will never mind.

CHORUS

Your flying over the ocean, when you hear your engine spit
You watch the prop come to a stop, the goddamned engine's quit
The ship won't float and you can't swim, the shore is miles behind
You'll be a dish for happy fish, but you will never mind.

CHORUS

I'm flying my F-36, along the Yalu shore
I'm loyal to the Air Force, but I'm rotten to the core
I've only got one engine Jack, and if that bastard quits
It'll be up there all by itself, 'cause I'm the kind that gits.

CHORUS

Maybe you'll ride the gravy train, in administrative work
Let other guys light up the skies, why should you be a jerk?
You'll meet that higher officer, to whom you've been assigned
With your nose in place, and not only on your face!
You will never mind.

CHORUS

Along comes a MIG 15, he shoots you down in flames
Don't waste your time belly-achin', and call the bastard names
Just shove your stick into the ground, and soon you will find
That all is well and there ain't no hell, and you will never mind.

CHORUS

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

I've been workin' on the railroad, all the livelong day,
I've been workin' on the railroad, just to pass the time away,
Don'tcha hear the whistle blowin' rise up so early in the morn,
Don'tcha hear the captain shoutin', "Dinah, blow your horn".

Dinah, won'tcha blow, Dinah, Won'tcha blow, Dinah,
won'tcha blow your horn?
Dinah, won'tcha blow, Dinah, won'tcha blow, Dinah,
won'tcha blow your horn?

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah, someone's in the kitchen
I know,

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah, strummin' on the old banjo,
And singing, fee, fie, fiddle-i-o-o, fee, fie fiddle-i-o-o-o
Fee, fie, fiddle-i-o-o, strummin' on the old banjo.

MORE FLYING REGULATIONS

I know a fighting team, that sang a fighting song
About the wild blue yonder, and the days when men were strong
But now we're regulated, 'cause we don't know right from wrong.

CHORUS:

THE FORCE IS SHOT TO HELL
MORE FLYING REGULATIONS, HAVE THEM READ IN ALL THE STATIONS
BURN 'THE ARSE OFF THEM THAT BREAKS 'EM
THE FORCE IS SHOT TO HELL

Once they flew B-26's, through a hell of flak
And bloody dying pilots, gave their lives to bring them back
Now they're playing ping pong, in the operations shack.

CHORUS

I have seen them in their T-bolts, when their eyes were dancing
flame
I have seen their screaming power dives, that have blasted
Goering's name
Now they fly like sissies, and they hang their heads in shame.

CHORUS

Now one day I buzzed an airfield, with another happy chap
We flew a hot formation, with my wingtip on his lap
So they passed a new directive, and we have no more of that.

CHORUS

So now mine eyes are dim with tears, for happy days of old
We love to take our chances, for our hearts are young and bold
From now on we have no choice, but live to be quite old.

CHORUS

MY DARLING F-4 (Tune - Clementine)

In the cockpit of the F-4
Trying hard to reach the shore
But, alas my engine faltered
Fare thee well my F-4

CHORUS:

OH MY DARLING, OH MY DARLING,
OH MY DARLING F-4
YOU ARE LOST AND GONE FOREVER
FARE THEE WELL MY LITTLE WHORE.

When you're spinning very flatly
And you've got a furrowed brow
That's all brother, hit the jumpsack
Bid farewell to your sacred cow.

All the brass hats in our congress
They each signed for this here whore
They are lucky, they just bought it
They don't fly the ole F-4.

THE SHIEK OF ARABY

I'm the shiek of Araby, your heart belongs to me
At night when you're asleep, into your tent I'll creep
The stars that shine above, will light our way to love
Oh rule this land with me, I'm the shiek of Araby.

ITS SOP FOR THREE
(Tune - Theres Friggin' in the Rigg'in')

The fumbling Third has a reputation
For feeding out much procrastination
Their check ins are something awful
Their profane R/T just isn't lawful

CHORUS:

IT'S SOP FOR THREE, IT'S SOP FOR THREE
IT'S SOP FOR THREE, 'CAUSE THEYSTUFF UP ALL THE TIME

Their daily programme is a shower
'Causing abortions by the hour
They often have to 'Burner climb
Just to be with BARAT on time
CHORUS

They always mumble on, and ramble
Wasting minutes on every scramble
So Air Traffic hates their guts
And Western Hill thinks they are nuts
CHORUS

Their weapon scores are bad news
Particularly for all the SONG SONG crews
'Cause their plotting board is too small
For the fumbling Third's bombs and all
CHORUS

If you see a rough formation, looking like a turd
You can bet your balls, it's the fumbling Third
They always fly like a horse's arse
That's what makes them such a bloody farce
CHORUS

ACE IN THE HOLE

Oh the world is full of guys, who think they're mighty wise
Just because they know a thing or two
You can see them night and day strolling up and down Kingsway
Yelling of the things that they can do
Or there are wise men and there are boozers
Con men and crap shooters, they all hang around the metropole
Wearing fancy ties and collars, where do they get those dollars
They all have that ace down in the hole

Some of them write to the old folks for coins
That's their old ace in the hole
Others have girls on the old tender-loin
That's their old ace in the hole
They'll tell you of places that they're going to see
From Bondi to the old south pole
But their name would be mud, like a chump playing stud
If they lost that old ace in the hole.

BARNACLE BILL THE PILOT
(Tune - Barnacle Bill the Sailor)

The Air Force is the life for me,
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor
I'll jump my ship and leave the sea
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor,
I'll fly so high I'll pass the sky
In gravitation I'll defy
I'll make the ladies faint and sigh
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

Pretty soon you'll lose that grin
Pretty soon you'll lose that grin
Pretty soon you'll lose that grin
Cried that fair young maiden.

Well I'm rough and I'm tough and I know my stuff
Said Barnacle Bill the pilot
I'll fly this ship 'til I've had enough
Said Barnacle Bill the pilot.
I know the struts, I know the fins
I know the barrel rolls and spins
I know the outs, I'll learn the ins
Said Barnacle Bill the pilot.

Your out of gass, you must go down
Your out of gas, you must go down
Your out of gas, you must go down
Cried the fair young maiden.

Well I'm a cock-eyed fin, if I give in
Said Barnacle Bill the pilot
I've made my way, through thick and thin
Said Barnacle Bill the pilot
He kicked the bar, he pulled stick
He hit the ground like a tone of brick
I'd tell you more but it makes me sick
Poor Barnacle Bill the pilot.

Here's some flowers for his grave
Hers's some flowers for his grave
Many brave heart lieth deep in the deep
Cried the fair young maiden.

POOR BUT HONEST

Oh, she was poor, but she was honest
The victim of a rich man's whim
When she met that southern gentleman, Gough Whitlam
And she had a child by him
Now he sits in the legislature
Making laws for all mankind
While she walks the streets of Sydney
Selling chunks of her behind.

It's the rich, what gets the glory
It's the poor, what gets the blame
It's the same the whole world over-over
Now ain't that a bloody shame.

THE TURD FROM THE THIRD
(Tune - Bye Bye Black Bird)

There was a man, He was no good
He took a girlie in the wood
He flies Lizards
Then he took off all her clother
And her shoes, and pantyhose
He flies Lizards
He took her where no body else could find her
Took a string and tied her hands behind her
Walked away and began to sing
Began to sing, ting a ling
Lizards I fly.

THE PRETTIEST SHIP

1. Leader: The prettiest ship
 All: The prettiest ship
 Leader: Out on the line
 All: Out on the line
 Leader: The MIG 21
 All: The MIG 21
 Leader: Flies fast and fine
 All: Flies fast and fine
 Leader: The prettiest ship out on the line
 All: The MIG 21 flies fast and fine
2. When we go up and fly at noon
 The MIG21's leap off the moon
3. Then they come down and pretty soon
 A pissed off Tiger lowers the boom
4. On all our planes we paint red stars
 For MIG 21's that land on Mars
5. We chase them up to forty four
 That Phantom II ain't got much more
6. The throttle's set right at full bore
 We'll never catch that little whore
7. Then they start home and Casey calls
 We're letting down, no sweat at all
8. We're coming in with thirteen crews
 Twelve MIG 21's coming in with thirteen crews
9. The moral of this story is clear
 When you first start home check your rear
10. 'Cause if you don't you're sure to find
 A MIG 21 tucked in behind.

RAIL CUTTERS
(Tune - Cold, Cold Heart)

I tried so hard, Wild Bill to cut
That streak of railroad track
But I'm afraid that all I did
Was dodge that flying flak
I know that one is all it takes
To blow my arse apart
Why can't I get just one rail cut
And melt your cold, cold heart.

THE JUSMAG SONG

In Ubon town of ill repute
Where volley-ball is in dispute
We've got a team, who's really beaut
It's the Stines who else.
Each Saturday, it's always on
A battle sport in old Ubon
To JUSMAG then, we sing this song
To show you how we feel,
Haar, Haar, Haar, Haar
Piss on JUSMAG.

THE PRETTIEST GIRL I EVER SAW

The prettiest girl I ever saw
Was sipping Bourbon through a straw
The prettiest girl I ever saw
Was sipping Bourbon through a straw.

And now and then the straw would slip
And I'd sip Bourbon through her lips
And now and then the straw would slip
And I'd sip Bourbon through her lips.

And now I've got a mother-in-law
From sipping Bourbon through a straw
The moral of this story is clear
Don't sip a Bourbon, sip a beer.

IT'S TRAGIC

You smile, your teeth fall out, you hair smells like sauerkraut
It's tragic
The bugs desert the air, and rush to nestle in your hair
It's tragic
It takes one look to know you have no charms
You're just a bag of bones with long, surrounding arms
Your eyes are big and round
There's one that's blue and one that's brown
It's tragic
You part your hair in place
And it keeps sliding down your face
It's tragic
As I tell myself these things that happen are not really true
Yet in my heart I know the tragedy is really you.

TELL ME WHY

Tell me why, the ivy twines
Tell me why, the stars do shine
Tell me why, the Ocean's blue
I'll tell you why, It's because I love you
Because God made, the ivy twine
Because God made, the stars to shine
Because God made, the ocean's blue
Because God made you, that's why I love you.

THE WOODPECKER'S HOLE
(Tune - Dixie)

Oh, I put my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul!"
"Take it out! Take it out! Take it out! REMOVE IT!"

Oh, I took my finger from the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul!"
"Put it back! Put it back! Put it back! REPLACE IT!"

Oh, I put my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul!"
"Turn it 'round! Turn it 'round! Turn it 'round! REVOLVE IT!"

Oh, I turned my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul!"
"Turn it back! Turn it back! Turn it back! REVERSE IT!"

Oh, I reversed my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul!"
"Slow it down! Slow it down! Slow it down! RETARD IT!"

Oh, I retarded my finger in the woodpecker's hold,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul!"
"Roll it 'round! Roll it 'round! Roll it 'round! ROTATE IT!"

Oh, I rotated my finger in the woodpecker's hold,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my foul!"
"Do it again! Do it again! Do it again! REPEAT IT!"

Oh, I put my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul!"
"In and out! In and out! In and out! RECIPROCATE IT!"

Oh, I pulled my finger from the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul!"
"What athrill! What a thrill! What a thrill! REVOLTING!"

COLD WINTER'S EVENING

'Twas a cold winter's evening, the guests were all leaving,
O'Loary was closing the bar, when he turned and said to the
lady in red,

"Get out" you can't stay where you are.
She shed a sad tear in her bucket of beer,
As she throught of the cold night ahead.

Then a gentleman dapper, stepped out of the crapper,
And these were the words that he said:

"Her mother never told her the things a young girl should know
About the ways to fly, fly boys and how they come and go.
She's lost her youth and her beauty, and life has left it's
sad scar

So remember your mothers and sisters, boys, and let her sleep
under the bar.

I DONT WANT TO JOIN THE AIR FORCE

CHORUS:

I DONT WANT TO JOIN THE AIR FORCE
I DONT WANT TO GO TO WAR
I JUST WANT TO HANG AROUND
PICCADILLY UNDERGROUND
LIVING OFF THE EARNINGS OF A HIGH-BORN LADY

I dont want a bullet up my arsehole,
I dont want my bollocks shot away
I'd rather be in England
In jolly, jolly England
And fornicate me bloody life away, GOR BLIMEY
Call out the Army and the Navy
Call out the boys of the old Brigade
You can call out me mother
Me sister and me brother
But for gods sake dont call me, GOR BLIMEY
CHORUS

On Monday I touched her on the ankle
Tuesday I touched her on the knee
Wednesday with success, I lifted up her dress
Thursday night she asked me home to tea, GOR BLIMEY
Friday night I put my hand upon it
On saturday night she gave my balls a tweak
On sunday after supper, I shoved the whole lot up her
And now I'm paying seven and six a week. GOR BLIMEY
CHORUS.

HOW HE TRIED

He tried me on the sofa
He tried me on the chair
He tried me on the window-sill
But he couldn't get it there
He tried me on the verandah
I stood against the wall
I even sat on the floor
But it wouldn't work at all
He worked it back and forwards
He tried both front and rear
But it was all too useless
His thing was out of gear
He tried it this and that way
And Oh, how I did laugh
To see how many ways he tried
to take my photograph.....

ICE ON THE RICE

When the ice is on the rice in old Tsuiki
And the Saki in the cellar starts to freeze
When you turn to her and say "My Darling Dozo"
Then youre turning just a skoshi nipponese

THE WILD WEST SHOW

CHORUS:

OH, WE'RE OFF TO SEE THE WILD WEST SHOW
THE ELEPHANT AND THE KANGAROO
NEVER MIND THE WEATHER
AS LONG AS WE'RE TOGETHER
WE'RE OFF TO SEE THE WILD WEST SHOW

Now here, ladies and gentlemen, in the first cage we have
the laughing hyena.
This animal lives in the mountains and once every year he comes down
to eat.
Once every two years he comes down to drink and every three years he
comes down for sexual intercourse.
What the fucking hell he has to laugh about I don't know.
CHORUS.

And in the next cage we have a giraffe. This creature is the most
popular animal in the animal kingdom. Why? Every time he goes into
a bar he says "The highballs are on me".
CHORUS.

And in the next cage we have the Mountain Goat. This beast leaps
from precipice to precipice and back again for another piss.
CHORUS.

And here, Ladies and Gentlemen, we have the Urangutang. As this
animal proceeds from branch to branch, swinging through the forest,
his balls go urang-a-tang, urang-a-tang.
CHORUS.

And in the next cage we have the Rhino-Saurus. This is
reputed to be the richest animal in the world. Its name is derived
from the Latin - rhino meaning money and sore arse meaning piles -
hence piles of money.
CHORUS

And in the next cage we have the Oster-reich. This animal
at the first sign of danger, buries its head in the sand and whistles
through the whole of the afternoon.
CHORUS

And in the next cage we have the Keerie bird. This bird
lives in the Antarctic and every time it comes into land on the ice
it says "Keerie, Keerie, Keerist its cold".
CHORUS

And in the next cage we have the leopard. Yes, the leopard on its
coat has one spot for every day of the year. What about a Leap Year?
George lift up the leopard's tail.
CHORUS

And in this cage we have the Wink Wank bird. By some strange
happening, the nervous system of this bird's eyelids is connected to
its foreskin. Everytime it winks, it wanks, and everytime it wanks,
it winks. You boy, stop throwing sand in the bird's eyes.
CHORUS

And here is the elephant. The elephant has a ginormous appetite. In
one day it eats two tons of hay, one dozen bunches of bananas, and
twenty buckets of rice. Madam, don't stand too near the elephant's
tail. Madam - Madam. Too late. George, dig her out.

(WILD WEST SHOW (CONT'D))

And here, ladies and gentlemen, we have the Oozle Woozle bird. These birds fly in line ahead formation and, at the first sign of danger, the last bird flies up the arse of the bird in front and so on up the line. The remaining bird then flies round in ever decreasing circles, finally disappearing up its own orifice from which position it proceeds to shower shit and derision in all directions.
CHORUS

And in the next cage we have the Triangular. This animal has a triangular orifice - hence the pyramids and the sign of the YMCA.
CHORUS

THE AUSTRALIANAISE
(Tune - Onward Christian Soldiers)

Fellers of Australia
Blokes and coves and coots
Shift yer bloody carcasses
Move yer bloody boots
Gird yer bloody loins up
Git yer bloody gun
And get the bloody enemy
Watch the bastards run
CHORUS

CHORUS:
GIT A BLOODY MOVE ON
HAVE SOME BLOODY SENSE
LEARN THE BLOODY ART OF
SELF DE-BLOODY-FENCE

When the bloody bugle
Sounds ad-bloody-vance
Dont be like a flock of sheep
In a bloody trance
Biff the bloody foreman
Where it dont agree
Spiffler-bloody-cate him to
Eternii-bloody-ty.
CHORUS

Have some bloody brains
beneath yer bloody lids
Swing a bloody sabre for the
Missus and the kids
Chuck supporting lamp posts
An striking bloody lights
Support a bloody family an
Strike for yer bloody rights.
CHORUS

Fellers of Australier
Cobbers, chaps and mates
Hear the bloody enemy
Kickin at the gates
Blow the bloody bugle
Beat the bloody drum
Uppercut and out the cow
to Kingdom bloody come
CHORUS

PEES
(Tune - Trees)

I think that there can never be
A thing so lovely as a pee
A pee that gives your bladder rest
And pulls your balls down from your chest
A pee that takes away the beer
And leaves a feeling wondrous queer

Ten thousand lamp-posts for a pup
An oak tree for a youth grown up
But be it man or be it dog
Who only wants to piss not bog,
Jerries were made for maids you see
But only man can stand to pee

TATTOOED LADY
(Tune - My Indiana Home)

I married me a tattooed lady
To roam around her body was a treat
And every night before retiring
I'd pull the covers back and take a peek
Around her waist was Pennsylvania, and on her hip was Tennessee
And tattooed on her back was dear old Hackensack
From the State of New Jersey
Now on her chest was West Virginia
Through those hills I loved to roam
But when I saw the moonlight shining on the Wabash
Then I recognized my Indiana home

HOME PRESENTS A DISMAL PICTURE
(Tune - Through the night of doubt and sorrow)

Home presents a dismal picture
Dark and gloomy as the tomb
Father has an anal stricture
Mothers got a fallen womb

Brother James has been deported
For a homosexual crime
Jane our maid has just aborted
For the thirty second time

Sis has chronic menstruation
Never laughs and never smiles
Mines a bloody occupation
Cracking ice for father's piles

Aunty Kate has diarroehea
Shits ten times more than she ought
Stands all day beside the rear
Lest she should be taken short

But we Must not be downhearted
We must not be put about
Cousin Susie has just farted
Turned her arsehole inside out

HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE
(Tune - My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean)

In peace time the regulars are happy
Yes, in peace time they're anxious to serve
But just let them get into trouble
And they'll call out the goddamn reserves.

CHORUS: CALL OUT, CALL OUT
 CALL OUT THE GODDAMN RESERVES, RESERVES
 CALL OUT, CALL OUT
 OH, CALL OUT THE GODDAMN RESERVES.

Here's to the regular Air Force
They have such a wonderful plan
They call out the goddamn reservists
Whenever the crap hits the fan.

CHORUS.

They call up the war weary pilots
They ask for the drafted young man
They send the reserves to Korea
But the regulars stay in Japan.

CHORUS.

So here's to the regular Air Force
With their medals and badges galore
If it weren't for the goddamn reservists
Their arse would be dragging the floor.

CHORUS.

SPOT PROMOTION
(Tune - Cold, Cold Heart)

I've tried, so hard, my friend, to think
That rank was worth a lot
But now you've gone and got yourself
Promoted to a spot
Your job is one that could be down
By any little boggy
How can I get your arse shipped out
And get that spot for me.

You'll be a full wheel soon, my friend
Of that I have no doubt
The list's being changed right now
They ripped it inside out
Group Captain, Wing CO
The staff all gets one stripe
At least we'll have some rank around
To help us fight the strife.

Another week or two in rank
We'll put you in again
You needn't wait to learn your job
That's for enlisted men
The only thing I envy is
The talent that you got
How can I get your arse shipped out
And get your open slot.

CIGARETTES AND SAKI AND WILD, WILD JOSUN

CHORUS:

CIGARETTES AND SAKI AND WILD, WILD JOSUN
THEY 'LL DRIVE YOU CRAZY, THEY 'LL DRIVE YOU INSANE
CIGARETTES AND SAKI AND WILD, WILD JOSUN
THEY 'LL DRIVE YOU CRAZY, THEY 'LL DRIVE YOU INSANE

Now once I was happy, I had a dear wife
I had enough yen, to last all my life
I met with a josun, we went on a spree
She started me smoking, and drinking saki
CHORUS

I got into bed, there some sleep for to get
She said no sleep fly-boy, I no tired yet
I woke the next morning, a quarter past ten
I was missin' my wallet and ten thousand yen
CHORUS

Now back in Shitoshi, I'm limping about
Me and the doctor, are sweating it out
He gave me some pills, from a jug on the shelf
Then he poured out a dozen or two for himself
CHORUS

COOL

COOL, COOL, COOL, COOL
As cool as the nipple on a witch's tit
As cool as a glacier's bottom less pit
As cool as a frog in a half frozen pool
As cool as the tip of a Laplander's tool
As cool as an icicle on a pane of frosty glass
As cool as the cheeks of a Clammy frog's arse
As cool as an Eskimo, gloomy and glum
As cool as the hairs on a Polar Bear's bum
As cool as the ice when it starts to thaw
As cool as the love of an elderly whore
As cool as charity - and thats bloody chilly
But none so cool as my girl friend Tilly

THE OLD MILK RUN
(Tune - The Band Played On)

Night after night you will find us in flight
On the Old Milk Run
Sunset to Dawn, you will find us airborne
On the Old Milk Run
We look at our clocks, watch the old black box
Believe me it isn't much fun
Through the rain and shit, and theres plenty of it
On the Old Milk Run

NAZIS WITH PROBLEMS
(Tune - Col BOGIE.)

Hitler, has only one big ball
Rommel has two, but they are small
Himmler, has something similar
But poor of Goebbels, has no balls at all

HUMORESQUE
(Tune - Dvorak's Humoresque)

Passengers will please refrain
From passing water while the train
Is standing in the station, or at rest
Tramps and Hoboes underneath
Might get it in their hair and teeth
Which really is 'nt what they like best

Passengers will please refrain
From flushing toilets while the train
Is standing in the station, yes indeed
Whilst the train is in the station
We encourage constipation
A little self-control is what you need

If you really must pass water
Would you please inform the porter
Who'll place a vessel in the vestibule
Whilst the train is in the station
We encourage constipation
That is why we have to make this rule

Passengers will please refrain
From passing water while the train
Is standing in the station, I love you
As we go strolling through the park
And goosing shadows in the dark
If Shermans horse can take it, why cant you

You're the guy that did the pushing
Put the wet spots on the cushion
Foot prints on the dashboard upside down
Ever since you met my daughter
She's had trouble passing water
Wish that you had never come to town

I'm the guy that did the pushing
Put the wet spots on the cushion
Footprints on the dashboard upside down
Since I met your daughter Venus
I've had trouble with my Penis
Wish I'd never seen this bloody town

SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT
(Actions Speak Louder Than Words)

CHORUS:
SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT
COMING FOR TO CARRY ME HOME
SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT
COMING FOR TO CARRY ME HOME

I looked over Jordan, and what did I see
Coming for to carry me home
A band of angels looking after me
Coming for to carry me home

CHORUS

THE PIG GOT UP AND WALKED AWAY

One evening in October, when I was far from sober
To keep my feet from wandering I tried
My poorlegs were all a flutter, so I lay down in the gutter;
And a pig came up and lay down by my side.
We sang "Never mind the weather, just as long as we're together",
Till a lady passing by was heard to say -
"You can tell a man who boozes by the company he chooses",
And the pig got up and slowly walked away.

CHORUS: YES THE PIG GOT UP AND SLOWLY WALKED AWAY
SLOWLY WALKED AWAY, SLOWLY WALKED AWAY
YES THE PIG GOT UP, AND THEN SMILED AND WINKED AT ME
AS HE SLOWLY WALKED AWAY.

On cattle shows I've centred: in one pig I entered
And one day I sat down with him in his sty
Famous people came to visit, when a sweet voice said "That is it?"
I looked up and Greta Garbo caught my eye.
She said "What a lovely fella", poked the pig with her umbrella
Then she looked at me awhile and whispered "Say!
Yeah, ay tank dis iss hees brudder" - at my side I felt a shudder
And the pig got up and slowly walked away.

CHORUS.

THE PICKLES FEW

The Horse and the Cow live thirty years
And nothing know of Wines and Beers.
The Goats and Sheep at twenty die
With ne'er a taste of Scotch or Rye.
The Sow drinks water by the ton
And at eighteen is nearly done.
The Dog at fifteen cashes in
Without the aid of Rum and Gin.
The Cat in milk and water soaks
And then at twelve short years it croaks.
The modest sober home dry hen
Lays eggs for years and dies at ten.
All animals are strictly dry
They simply live and simply die.
But sinful, Ginful, Rum soaked Men
Survive for three score years and ten.
And some of them, the mighty FEW
Stay pickled till they're ninety-two.

DEPAIR LOVES US (Tune - Jesus loves me)

Depair loves us, this we know,
For the Grouper tells us so,
We are weak and they are strong,
All P.O.'s to them belong.
Yes, Depair loves us,
Yes, Depair loves us,
Yes, Depair loves us,
They do, like bloody hell.

THE SHORES OF OLD MILNE BAY
(Tune - The Marine's Hymn)

There was once a gang of Japanese
Who hailed from Tokyo was
They'd been told of South Expansion
A new Empire, come what may
Had not Heaven assured their Emperor
That 'o'er the South he would hold sway
But their cherished hopes were blasted
On the shores of old Milne Bay

CHORUS:

AND WE PLANTED 'EM, THE BASTARDS
ON THE SHORES OF OLD MILNE BAY

There was once a bunch of Aussies
Who were posted to old Milne Bay
They were tough and tall and ugly
Resourceful, bright and gay
So they took off in their fighters
And they shot Nips down that day
And we planted 'em, the bastards
On the shores of old Milne Bay
CHORUS

There arose some mighty heroes
On the shores of old Milne Bay
Dip the lid to blokes like Truscott
And shout Hip-Hooray'
For he got right in among them
With Turnbull too, they say
And we planted Nips by thousands
On the shores of old Milne Bay
CHORUS

Yes, we licked the yellow bastards
On the shores of old Milne Bay
Let 'em come then in their thousands
And we'll stuff 'em any day
Oh, we bombed and strafed and sunk 'em
And we mowed 'em down like hay
And we planted 'em, the bastards
On the shores of Old Milne Bay
CHORUS

THE BUMBLE BEE
(Tune - Sambo was a lazy coon)

Sambo was a lazy coon
He'd go to sleep all afternoon
Lazy was he, Lazy was he
Often to the woods he'd creep
Just to have a quiet sleep
Under a tree
When along came a bee, singing this song
BUZZ, BUZZ, BUZZ, BUZZ
Go away you bumble bee
I ain't no rose
I ain't no prairie flower, get off my bloody nose
Get off my sexual organ, you can't stay there
But if you want some fun, you can try my bum
But you won't find honey there

Oh, it's Beer, Beer
That makes you want to cheer
In the Bar, In the Bar
Oh, It's Beer, Beer
That makes you want to cheer
In the Officers' Stag Bar

CHORUS:

MY EYES ARE DIM, I CANNOT SEE
I HAVE NOT BROUGHT MY SPECS WITH ME

Standard Verse:

Oh, it's.....
That makes you.....
In the Bar, In the Bar..
Oh, it's.....
That makes you.....
In the Officers' Stag Bar.

CHORUS

INSERT:

Whiskey	-	That makes you feel so frisky
Gin	-	That makes you want to sin
Vodka	-	That makes you feel you oughta
Sautern	-	That makes your belly burn
Vermouth	-	That makes you feel uncouth
Bourbon	-	That makes you feel like perkin'
Wine	-	That makes you feel so fine
Rum	-	That makes you feel so dumb
Rye	-	That makes you feel so shy
Barcardi	-	That makes you feel so hearty
Red	-	That makes you feel so dead
Scotch	-	That makes you feel top notch
Port	-	That makes you want to court
Lager	-	That makes you want anudder
Pimms	-	That makes you sing some Hymns
Brandy	-	That makes you feel so randy
Likker	-	That makes you even sikker
Sherry	-	That makes you feel so hairy
Booze	-	That makes you want to snooze

KNACKERS
(Tune - Col. Bogie)

Don't throw the piss-pot at 'im
Wait 'til he gets in bed

And grab his knackers and swing 'em around his head
Knackers, you clang 'em on the bed
Knackers, go off like crackers
Just like they have the monkeys in the zoo

SNIPPET, COURTESY T.P. BODY
(Tune - The Pub With No Beer)

Oh, well it's lonesome away, from your woman and all
With a pain in the gut, from a big lover's ball
But there's nothing so lonesome, morbid or drear
Than to sleep with a barmaid, who's got gonorrhoea

THE SEXUAL LIFE OF A CAMEL

The cammel desires of the camel,
Are greater than anyone thinks,
This perverted and passionate mammel,
Has designs on the hole of the Sphinx.

But the Sphinx's posterior organs,
Are blocked by the sands of the Nile,
Which accounts for the hump of the camel
And the, Sphinx's inscrutable smilc.

THE FAMOUS FUMBLING THIRD (Tune - MacNamara's Band)

We're here to tell a tale, of the famous fumbling third,
They drifted up North, to join the mighty Magpie herd,
We were sitting here before 'em, quaffing down the brew
They don't belong on a fighter base, but what can the OC do.

CHORUS: OH LA DA DA DA, LA DA DA DA
LA DA DA DA DA DA
OH THEY DON'T BELONG ON A FIGHTER BASE
BUT WHAT CAN THE OC DO.

They fly their old Mirages, They take off after dark
They don't know where they're going, they're justup for a lark
They never brief, they always rave, fly strickly on a hunch
Their callsshould be "BANANA", 'cause they fly in such a bunch.

CHORUS.

STUFF DEPAIR (Tune - Tit Willow)

A pilot lay dying on Malaysian soil.
Stuff Depair! Stuff Depair! Stuff Depair!
And with his last gasp he gave out the good oil,
Stuff Depair! Stuff Depair! Stuff Depair!
And the reason they gave for his being dead meat,
Was that he had had stuff all but baked beans to eat,
So join the this chorus, with fervour andheat,
Stuff Depair! Stuff Depair! Stuff Depair!

SWEET FANNY ADAMS

Sweet Fanny Adams, always so blithe and gay,
Carved her name on an old oak tree, one day in May,
But the woodpecker came in September
And the woodpecker would peck away,
Now all that is left on the old oak tree,
Is sweet F.A.

FATHER'S SITTING ON THE CISTERN (Tune - John Brown's Body)

Father's sitting on the cistern,
Mother's playing with the chain,
When she accidentally pulled it,
Father went a guster down the drain.

A TOAST TO THE MAGPIES
(Tune - This Old House)

This ole team 'll never need revision
This ole team has quite a crew
This ole team has survived on skill
It's the Magpies, no doubt you knew
This ole team flys Mirage III O's
This ole team has lots of charm
Our Commander said the other day
"I'm proud of my boys, they're so calm".

They're gonna need this team forever,
They're gonna fly this team much more,
We've got time to learn to fight
We've got time to even the score
We've got nerve to fly to the limits.
And the guts to keep control
And when we return after much success
We're cleared for a victory roll.

This ole team can fly in weather
This ole team can fly in rain
This ole team has whips and aces
We hack anything without much strain
This ole team has high ideals
This ole team can't go astray
'Cause we're just a squadron of Miracles
Awaiting reward on judgement day.

GRACE

Her name was Grace, she was one of the best
And that was the night, I had her to test.
I looked at her with joy and delight
For she was mine for all that night.

She looked so pretty, so sweet, so slim,
The night was dark, the light was dim.
I was so excited my heart missed a beat,
For I knew that I was in for a treat.

I had seen her stripped, I had seen her bare,
I had felt her over everywhere,
But that was the night I liked her best,
And if you'll wait, I'll tell you the rest.

I got inside her, she screamed with joy,
For that was her first night out with a boy.
I got up high as quick as I could,
I handled her swell, she was Oh, so good!

I turned her over on her side,
Then on her back, Oh, how I tried.
It was a thrill, she's the best of the lot
That Mirage jet fighter the Magpies have got.

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE SOME SEX
(Tune - There Is Nothing Like A Dame)

We got beer in nine ounce glasses
We get cigarettes in tins
We get drunk each Friday evening
We get CB from the OC
When he gets back all our cheques
What Dont we get
We dont get sex

CHORUS:

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE SOME SEX
NOTHING IN THIS WORLD
THOUGH IT'S PERFECTLY COMPLEX
THERE IS NOTHING QUITE LIKE SEX

Pilots need some recreation
When hard flying has been done
And what better recreation
Than a spot of harmless fun
We forsake our bullshit castle
For a spot thats marked XX
What do we want
We all want sex
CHORUS

THE FASCINATING BITCH
(Tune - The Glow Worm)

I wish I were a fascinating bitch
I'd never poor, I'd always be rich
I'd live in a house with a little red light
I'd sleep all day and work all night

I'd take a vacation once in a while
Just to make my clients turn violet
I wish I were a fascinating bitch
Instead of just a pure little pilot

WHEN YOUR LEAVES HAVE TURNED TO SILVER
(Tune - Silver Threads Among the Gold)

When your leaves have turned to silver
Will you love us just the same
Oh, we'll always call you bastard
Isn't it a bloody shame

To the days at old Butterworth
And the parties that we knew
When your leaves have turned to silver
You can stick them up your flue

CHIN CHIN CHINAMAN

Chin Chin Chinaman, walking down the strand
Stony broke, wants a poke, penis in hand
Up comes poxy lil, he doesn't care a rap
Three days later, CLAP, CLAP, CLAP

PAINFUL POEMS

(Tune - Through the night of doubt and sorrow)

Uncle Dick and Auntie Mable,
Fainted at the breakfast table.
This should be sufficient warning,
Not to do it in the morning.

Ovaltine has set them right,
And now they do it every night.
Uncle Dick is hoping soon,
To do it in the afternoon.

Uncle Dick has much improved
Since he had his balls removed.
Not only has he lost desire,
He now sings treble in the choir.

Little Francis, home from school,
Picked up baby by the tool;
Mother said "now Master Francis -
Don't spoil baby's bloody chances!

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,
Her knickers all tattered and torn,
It wasn't a spider that sat down beside her,
But Little Boy Blue with his horn.

IF
(Apologies to Kipling)

If you can keep your wife when all around you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
And keep the faith of wives when all men doubt you,
And there is damn good reason for them doubting you;
If you can meet a girl and take her virtue
Before you've even time to learn her name,
And say to virgins "This is going to hurt you"
And yet go on and do it just the same;
If you don't hesitate when she says "Maybe"
But lead her on with every sort of lie,
And when she says she's going to have a baby
Just quickly lift your hat and say "Goodbye";
If you can meet a new girl every minute
And not be faithful to a single one,
Yours is the earth and every woman in it
And what is more, you'll be a cad, my son!

SALLY IN THE ALLEY

Sally in the alley was sifting cinders
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man
The wind from her bloomers broke six windows
And the cheeks of her arse went BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

BE KIND TO YOUR WEB-FOOTED FRIENDS

Be kind to your web-footed friends,
For a duck may be somebody's uncle;
Be kind to your friends in the swamp,
Where the weather is very, very damp.
Now you may think this is the end,
Well, it is!

ODE TO THREE SQUADRON

Whether over the land or the sea
And a ragged formation you see
Don't worry too much
We assure you that such
Is the Standard Procedure at Three

If you pull only two little "G"
No holes in your aircraft there'll be
You'll never be hacked
You just can't be tracked
Its the Standard Procedure at Three

When next you're up near Langkawi
And a stray empty drop tank you see
Just keep it in mind
You're sure that you'll find
Its the Standard Procedure at Three

Your house isn't safe, so say we
From shell or a bomb you'll agree
In the bedroom or bath
It sure is a laugh
'Cause it's the Standard Procedure at Three

Their circuit is something to see
It extends from Taiping to Langkawi
We often get frights
When they're flying their kites
But it's Standard Procedure at Three

All the Reds in Malaysia agree
They'll never have reason to flee
The bombing is poor
And you can be sure
That it's the Standard Procedure at Three

If you're up in your jet flying free
and a chamber you happen to see
Its just a disgrace
To the Whole Human Race
But that's Standard Procedure at Three

So join us in our plea
That we're never posted to Three
We'd rather be dead
Than touched in the head
But that's Standard Procedure at Three

CAVIAR

(Tune - Ruben, Ruben, I've been thinking)

Caviar comes from the virgin Sturgeon
Virgin Sturgeon is a very fine fish
Virgin Sturgeon needs no urgin'
That's why Caviar is my dish.

Shad, Roe comes from the scarlet Shad Fish
Shad fish have a very sorry fate
Pregnant Shad Fish is a sad fish
Gets that way without a mate.

Oysters, they are fishy bivalves
They have youngsters in their shell
How they diddle is a riddle
But they do, so what the hell.

The green sea Turtle's mate is happy
With her lover's winning ways
First he grips her with his flippers
Then he grips and flips for days.

Mrs. Clam is optimistic
Shoots her eggs out in the sea
Hopes her suiter is a shooter
Hits the self-same spot as she.

Give a thought* to the happy Cod fish
Always there when duty calls
Female Cod fish is an odd fish
From them too came Cod fish balls.

The Trout is just a little salmon
Just half grown and minus scales
But the Trout, just like the salmon
Can't get on, without it's tail.

Lucky fish are the Ray fish
When for youngsters they essay
Yes, my hearties, they have parties
In the good old-fashioned way.

I fed Caviar to my girlfriend
She's a virgin needs no urgin'
Now that virgin needs no urgin'
There ain't NOTHIN' she won't do.

I fed Caviar to my grand-pa
He was a lad of ninety-three
Shrieks of laughter cam from grand-ma
Grand-pa had her up a tree.

THE NURSEMAID'S LAMENT

(Tune - Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star)

Arsehole! Piddle! Buggar! Dam!
Someone stole my bloody pram.
I don't care a bugger,
I'll go and get another.
Arsole! Piddle! Buggar! Dam!
Someone stole my bloody pram.